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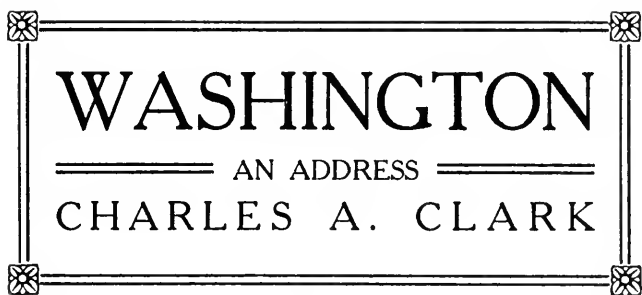
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WASHINGTON

AN ADDRESS

CHARLES A. CLARK



WASHINGTON

BY
CHARLES A. CLARK

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE LINN COUNTY
BAR ASSOCIATION AND ITS GUESTS AT
ITS ANNUAL BANQUET AT THE HOTEL
MONTROSE, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
FEBRUARY 22, 1909



THE TORCH PRESS
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
NINETEEN NINE

Be it resolved, by the Linn County Bar Association, that,

As a token of our appreciation of the address upon Washington by Col. Chas. A. Clark at the banquet tendered by this bar to the bar of Johnson County on February 22d, 1909, there shall be printed five hundred copies thereof; that a bound copy be presented to Colonel Clark; that a copy be presented to each of the members of the Johnson County Bar and other guests, and that this resolution be printed with said address.

225.

WASHINGTON

Mr. Toast-master ; my lone, and I fear lonely Brother of the Gospel (Rev. Mr. Newton) ; and my Brethren of the Law :

I hear an ominous rumbling of your "minds working," as the colored brother would say, and the refrain which you are unitedly giving utterance to mentally is, "Now for George Washington and his little hatchet!" That is the one point in our great national hero which, like the heel of Achilles, has been thought vulnerable to attacks of sarcasm. More fat-witted and inane jests have been attempted over this episode than human patience can endure. Their only parallel is that of the man who crowds into an omnibus, with a fatuous and stupid grin, and with the highly original remark that "there is always room for one more." The hatchet story itself is evidently a fabrication. It comes from the Reverend Mr. Weems, who wrote the initial life of Washington, in a stilted and affected style wholly peculiar to itself. The reverend gentleman was originally a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was for a time rector of the parish of Mt. Vernon. His livelihood in that situation was so beggarly that he became a traveling book agent, and went up and down the land selling the literary ventures of that day. He was accom-

panied by his violin, and did not hesitate to furnish music for country dances and merrymakings, mingling with his music his commendations of the books he offered for sale. According to his story, as he sets forth the anecdote in his biography of Washington, he received the incident twenty years earlier from a then very aged lady who was a distant relative of the Washington family. She had certainly passed away when he wrote this unique biography, and no lawyer ever had an opportunity to cross examine her. The tale itself, as narrated by this veracious chronicler, furnishes the best commentary of its grotesqueness and improbability in the final words of Washington's father, praising the heroic utterance of the lad with the hatchet. He is represented as saying: "Run to my arms; glad am I, George, that you have killed my tree; for you have paid me a thousand fold. Such an act of heroism in my son is worth more than a thousand trees, though blossomed with silver, and their fruits of purest gold." Whether the "act of heroism" consisted in killing the tree, or in telling the truth about it, the over-zealous author does not explain!

"Blossoms of silver, and fruitage of gold," are quite as probable as the remainder of the well intended but incredible fiction.

George Washington never was a prematurely developed prig. He was a healthy, wholesome, vigorous boy. Born like Lincoln in a log cabin, amidst humble backwoods surroundings, he was a genuine child of the soil, simple and without pretense or any trace of artificial self consciousness. His imperfect education was received, first from a Mr. Roddy, at what was then known as a "field

school;” then at the hands of a Mr. Williams who taught him the scant rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic; afterwards he attended for a brief period an academy at old Fredericksburg presided over by a Mr. Marye, a French huguenot, or the son of a huguenot who had fled from France to escape the fierce persecutions heaped upon the protestants of that realm. The indomitable love of liberty, freedom of thought, and the right to worship God according to the dictates of one’s conscience, so dear to these exiles, were no doubt impressed by this teacher upon the mind of his young pupil. It was he who gave the name “Marye’s Heights” to the bluffs back of Fredericksburg, where, in December, 1862, amid the thunders of artillery, the rattle of musketry and the horrors of battle, Burnside’s forces led by the gallant Hancock were repulsed again and again in spite of their heroism and valor.

Later still, but this is not certain, he may have had the benefit of a fragmentary term at “William & Mary’s,” at Williamsburg. Such were the pitiful educational opportunities afforded Washington to fit him for his great career.

Following his schooldays, his work as a surveyor was arduous and full of exposure and hardship. In his twentieth year he participated as an officer of the Virginia militia in the expedition against Fort Duquesne, which terminated in the disastrous defeat and overthrow of Braddock. It was due to his courage and efficiency that the remnant of the disorganized British and Colonial forces was brought safely back from that bloody field. In 1758, he served under General Forbes, and took part in the capture of that Fort and the expulsion of the French

from the valley of the Ohio. Re-named Fort Pitt, the post gave the name to Pittsburg, now a great center of American industry.

For nearly twenty years following this youthful military experience Washington was wholly devoted to the pursuits of peace. When the Revolution broke out he was called to the command of the armies of his countrymen. The scattered colonies then numbered about three millions of people, as a whole poor and struggling with hard and adverse conditions, but animated by the unconquerable love of liberty, and a burning determination to achieve independence. The long years of that war were years of suffering, wretchedness, privation and woe, and, as the struggle went forward, all these seemed concentrated with crushing weight upon the shoulders of George Washington, that heroic figure, who stood through all storm, disaster and stress, the hope of the American people. Almost super-human were the energies, strength and endurance called for in this terrific strain; but he was equal to the mighty crisis and endured to the end.

There came a time in 1780 when everything was at its worst. Doubt, and gloom, and despair rested like a pall over all the colonies. Washington wrote to congress that unless something could be done for his famished and unpaid army in which one-half the enlistments were about to expire, it would be almost miraculous if America could be saved for Americans, by Americans, without the aid of foreign arms. At that time continental paper money was so depreciated that it required ten dollars to equal a single penny of honest money. Four months pay of a private soldier was required to buy a single bushel of wheat

for his suffering family, and even that wretched semblance of pay the soldier could not get! Butter was quoted at twelve dollars per pound. A barrel of flour cost an incredible amount. Washington said it took a wagon-load of continental paper money to purchase a wagon-load of provisions for his soldiers. Sturdy old Sam Adams, called the "father of the revolution," paid at this time two thousand dollars for a hat and suit of clothes. A barber in Philadelphia papered his shop with continental notes. A dog was smeared with tar, covered with this wretched currency, and led up and down the streets in front of Independence Hall where congress was assembled, hooted at, and jeered at, in the hope of calling the attention of these statesmen to the wretched condition of the currency they furnished the people. Congress could do nothing! The expression, "Not worth a continental" originated in that day, and was an utterance of the loathing and contempt of the people on all hands, for a currency which had ceased to bear any semblance of money.

Then came a gleam of hope from the action of our generous French allies. Seven thousand French troops under command of Rochambeau, with the chivalrous Lafayette as his lieutenant, landed on American soil, and were within striking distance of Yorktown. De Grasse co-operated, with the French navy. Washington seized the opportunity by a stroke of rare military genius. He gathered together his ragged, famished forces, disorganized by suffering and long privation, and hurled his army, a thunderbolt of war, straight across three hundred miles of country; and in a campaign which in conception and execution, still commands the study and ad-

miration of competent military critics, he effected a junction with the French forces, and fell upon and throttled the greatest British military force upon American soil. The surrender of Cornwallis followed, and independence was achieved.

The words seem poor and inadequate when it is said, Washington had earned the reverent love of his countrymen, and the admiration of the world.

Our own historian, Fiske, has made a careful study of this crisis in the war for independence, which it is impossible to read without the gravest doubts as to whether that war would not have failed under the accumulated difficulties to which reference has been made, but for the succor and aid of our gallant and generous French allies. To the people of France, now happily welded into a firmly established sister republic, we owe a debt of warmest gratitude. To that people we should be bound by ties of hereditary friendship, rather than to any absolute despotism of the far north, where one man has long held sway over the destinies of one hundred and thirty millions of our fellow men, consigning at his whim, or at the caprice and suggestion of some inhuman monster under him, helpless victims in unknown numbers, to the dungeon or to death.

With independence achieved under Washington, as national existence was later established under the immortal Lincoln, the weak and impoverished colonies were face to face with new difficulties and dangers. There seemed to be in the breasts of all a fear of any form or semblance of authority, which all history up to that time had shown was certain to be abused by encroachments upon human liberties, if entrusted to human hands. Distrust and doubt

were well nigh universal. A confederacy of states was the first expedient adopted; a mere rope of sand where the closest and strongest ties were imperative. Under it there was no semblance of central authority. The old continental congress continued its impotent existence, lasting in all fourteen years with the few changes in membership caused by death or resignation, the sole repository of the conflicting interests and desires, rather than of the will of the newly confederated states. This congress was without power to enforce its merely academic utterances and attempts at theoretical legislation. There was no head to the government. The only semblance of head, a mere vague and intangible shadow, was the presiding officer for the time being of that hapless assembly, which was without power of real initiative or genuine execution, and even this shadow of headship aroused such fears that the articles of confederation provided it should be held by the same person no longer than one year in any three.

The states left to themselves, each a separate and distinct sovereignty owing neither allegiance nor obedience to any form of central or national authority, each went about its own affairs and its own interests in its own way, often asserting these by legislation in hostility to sister states.

It would be thought that disastrous experience with a worthless continental currency would have warned them of the dangers of fiat paper money; but on the contrary they rushed into a new saturnalia of irredeemable issues, with the inevitable result of new disaster and wretchedness. There was no real money in the land. Merchants were assailed and mobbed for draining the country of specie in paying

for their importations. Massachusetts had the honesty to propose that its currency should be taken at a steadily declining ratio of value depending upon its age, until it finally wiped itself out by jumping down its own throat, and thus made way for a new and equally worthless issue, which in turn should swallow itself and disappear. The old fable of Chronos devouring his own children was improved upon even in that crude state of American inventive genius. This spawn devoured itself, and its only virtue was that no residue remained when the operation was completed!

Rhode Island, which during these years of confusion and misery earned the name of "Rogue's Island," enacted the most drastic legislation to compel the acceptance of its currency as lawful money — a penalty of five hundred dollars was imposed for each refusal. A butcher declined to sell his beef for currency which would hardly purchase paper fit to wrap it in. He was dragged before the courts, and his name, like that of the possessor of legal tender who hungered for beef, got into judicial history. In the resulting case of Trevitt, the famished, vs. Weeden, the butcher, the Rhode Island Supreme Court declared the act unconstitutional. The legislature summarily removed the judges, and prepared a new legal tender act, which provided that no man should vote or hold office, until he had taken an oath that he would receive paper money at par and support the proposed legislation. The general breakdown came before this was enacted into law. Confusion and discord were widespread on every hand. Rebellion broke out in Massachusetts. Armed mobs over-turned all sem-

blance of civil authority. In large areas of that, and the sister states of New Hampshire, Vermont and Rhode Island, all semblance of the orderly administration of justice was defied and trampled upon. The courts were powerless and were temporarily driven out of existence. When there finally emerged from this vortex of madness, after tumultuous and bloody experiences, the return of legitimate civil authority and the beneficent administration of justice by the courts in place of the fury of mobs, the people of these sorely smitten areas realized, as never before, the blessings of constitutional liberty, of civil authority, and of the orderly administration of justice. Never from that day to this in those communities have the courts been denounced, nor have there been wild outcries of "judicial usurpation," or of "government by injunction."

The same experience would teach the same lesson in our own day, but heaven preserve us from like calamity!

For five years the Confederation limped along, a wounded, diseased and wretched spectacle among the nations. Fortunately for our common country Washington was a statesman as well as a military genius. With that "saving common sense" which was so marked a characteristic of his character in all conditions and under all circumstances, he saw that deliverance from anarchy might be secured through an effective central control, armed with power to act for the general good of all the states. He said, "It is as clear to me as A, B, C, that the extension of federal powers would make us one of the most happy, wealthy, respectable and powerful nations that ever inhabited the terrestrial globe. Without

this we shall soon be everything which is the direct reverse. I predict the worst consequences from a half starved, limping government, always moving upon crutches, and tottering at every step."

His words had their effect. Where all semblance of rational action had seemed in danger of being wholly swept away in a tumultuous flood of aroused passions, the expedient of a national convention of delegates from the several states to consider the desperate condition of the affairs of the country was finally adopted, and, after one effort at meeting, at which only five states were represented, there finally assembled in May, 1787, that body of illustrious men who were to organize freedom into a national government for a free people. "Rogue's Island" was not represented.

The convention was technically without power to frame a constitution. Its action was hotly criticised. Congress was hostile and called its doings in question, but finally, as its work was to be submitted to the people for ratification, that body withdrew its objections and the convention addressed itself to the mighty problems before it. George Washington, by common consent, was called upon to preside over its deliberations. Here again confusion and discord reigned. Distrust and suspicion were universal, the smaller states fearing that their rights might be placed at the mercy of the larger and more powerful commonwealths to be ruthlessly trampled upon or taken from them. There were heated discussions, with no agreement; prolonged sessions, with no results; debates which were fruitful only of new difficulties, and the first half of the convention was barren of all promise or any hope

of successful issue. At this crisis wise old Benjamin Franklin suggested that ministers of the Gospel be brought in to invoke the blessings of divine Providence on behalf of the distracted assembly. And then it was that George Washington made the one address of his life, which was not committed to paper and read from manuscript. It was no more than ten or a dozen lines in print, but, as set down in Madison's record his words were golden, full of the earnestness and conviction of a great soul, and it is quite possible that they had more effect upon the assembled delegates than the invocations which the ministers of religion addressed to the throne of grace. He said in substance: "We are surrounded by great difficulties. Perhaps another terrible conflict is to be sustained. Let us honestly devote our best efforts to the work before us. If we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and the honest can repair; the event is in the hand of God."

Animated by this noble appeal the Convention resumed its labors. Reason resumed its sway. The matchless constitution under which, with slight changes, we live and enjoy such unparalleled blessings and happiness, was the final result of the labors of those illustrious men.

One battle royal was over the question of admitting the people into participation in the affairs of the national government. That was undoubtedly the most vital issue to all the future with which the convention had to deal. The Confederacy had dealt with states only. The members of its one congress were elected by the states, and not directly by the

people. They spoke for the states; they voted by the states, each state having a single vote upon any given proposition, the smallest state counting one on each roll call, the largest counting no more than one. Local jealousy, the fear of predominance of numbers, was the *paralysis agitans* which spilled the contents of every cup before it reached the lips of the people. This deadening palsy dominated the convention. It threatened all at the very threshold, on the initial question as to the method in which votes should be taken in its deliberations. The small states cowered before the large, but insisted upon the unit vote for each state with all the obstinacy of which cowardice alone is capable. Under the wise advice of Washington and his fellow delegates from Virginia the unit rule was conceded, and disruption, before any possible action, was avoided. The same question presented itself in more aggravated form when the composition of a national congress came up for determination. Should the people be allowed direct participation in any form in the affairs of the new government? Should they have representation, or should it be confined solely to the states, as such, in accordance with precedent and usage? On the solution of this question mighty issues depended — we can see now that nothing less than the future and existence of a grand and mighty republic depended. Fortunately for that republic and for mankind the people were given a voice in their own affairs and it was settled that representatives in the lower house of the congress should be elected by direct vote of the people in proportion to numbers. Not without misgivings and doubts, not without passion, prejudice, cowardice, fear, frenzied uproar

which threatened all — and finally not without compromise was attained this mighty means of regeneration and salvation in a government of the people. Senators, by this compromise, were still to be chosen by the states through their respective legislatures, each state to have the same number, which gave them an equal vote, the equivalent of the old unit rule, in one branch of the congress. The thought was that in the senate the vote might still be, in effect, by states; but thank God the day has come in the affairs of the American people when state lines are wiped out in the senate, as in the house of representatives, and all who speak for the nation in its legislative halls, speak and vote their individual convictions, regardless of the old theory of voting for states and by states; an utterly exploded theory of government for more than eighty millions of freemen.

So in distrust of the people, was invented the machinery of the electoral college in the selection of the chief magistrate of the nation. Thus the people were to be barred of direct participation in the choice of president. It was then thought that they would choose their wisest and best to repair to Washington, and after mature deliberation, choose a president for the people, as their superior wisdom and virtue should guide in the performance of this great duty. These limitations upon the direct voice of the people in control of the government have disappeared. In the healthy and robust man it sometimes happens that a clot of blood or a plug is carried into an artery of the brain, cutting off arterial circulation there, and entailing paralysis or threatening death. Then one of two things may

happen. If the individual is robust enough his flow of arterial blood may absorb and remove the clot and nature thus re-assert her normal and beneficent sway. Or the clot may remain in the artery and the reparative forces of nature may establish collateral circulation around it, still carrying the life-giving current into the plugged up channel beyond the obstruction, and nourishing the threatened portion of the brain anew, while the obstruction remains without detriment to the marvelous forces which nature has ordained.

So of the artificial impediment, the electoral college, designed as a restraint upon the untrammelled will of the American people, which is after all the strong flood of arterial circulation giving vigor to the very brain and ruling power of the government in all of its functions and complex activities; that has established collateral circulation around this carefully finished and inserted plug, and the head of the nation is directly responsive to this vital and controlling force, with results which have given us a long line of illustrious presidents, including the immortal Lincoln. And so, too, collateral circulation has been largely established around the artificial device by which it was intended to take from direct vote of the people the choice of United States senators. Direct nominations by the people are doing as to this, what nominations for direct vote of the people have long done as to the choice of president, with no more harmful result in the one case than in the other. Every citizen now votes as directly his choice for president as though the electoral college had no existence, and a black man in Kansas, has been found good enough, as an elector

and errand boy, to carry the result of this direct vote in that state to Washington.

The effect of bringing public servants face to face with the people without the intervention of artificial barriers of any character, for the discussion of public questions, and the direct judgment of the people in choice from rival candidates, has been found in general to give vigor and courage to the convictions of those who have submitted their claims to this tribunal, and has been productive of only good results in our national legislation. Why there should be hesitation or doubt as to bringing the United States senators to the same tests, before the same great tribunal of the people in their selection, it would seem difficult to determine. This is perhaps a controversial question not proper for consideration and comment on this occasion. It may be debatable, or, at any rate it is debated, whether finally putting the choice of both branches of our national legislature directly into the hands of the people is altogether desirable, although the original theory upon which United States senators were to be selected has been wholly out-lived and utterly rejected in the practical affairs of our national legislation of today. The potential voice of Mr. Ex-Secretary of State Root — now Senator Root, of New York — has lately been heard in support of the choice of senators by servants of the people, rather than by the people themselves who are the only sovereign power, and employ or designate servants, who, according to the argument, are wiser and more competent than their employers. But Senator Root himself is on record as endorsing and supporting nominations of United States senators

by direct vote of the people. This simply means collateral circulation around an artificial intervening medium, precisely the same as in the election of our presidents. Why the plug should be retained as an obstruction to direct circulation, where collateral circulation does the same work, it may puzzle human ingenuity to explain. It may be that, like the human appendix which we are told has no mission to perform, the plug should be left for occasional difficult surgical operations by skilful political doctors, as our surgeons of the human anatomy perform like difficult operations in cutting out the appendix.

The question has already become largely theoretical and the final solution of these speculations is at hand if it has not already been reached. This we know; the people are to be trusted with the mightiest questions and in the mightiest crises, as they were trusted by that immortal man, Abraham Lincoln during the war for the Union.

So the question of admitting the people to direct participation in the affairs of the government was wisely solved by the convention over which Washington presided, in spite of all doubts, misgivings and fears. Other difficulties were surmounted. Order was brought out of chaos. The constitution was framed, submitted to the people and ratified, and the nation, under the central control thus established, started upon the growth and development of prosperity and happiness, seen in prophetic vision by Washington, and foretold by him in words adequate for all the achievements of the past and all the hopes of the future.

He was called by the united voices and the unanimous suffrages of his countrymen to preside as chief magistrate over the destinies of the new republic. It was felt that he might be entrusted with that power, dreaded in that day, with premonitions of disaster which we can hardly comprehend, and that the sacred trust would be faithfully administered, and returned inviolable and undesecrated to the hands of the people. It was so administered and so returned. Washington set the government of the republic firmly upon its feet, and, at the end of eight years gladly laid down the power entrusted to his hands, without usurped enlargement or arbitrary encroachment in the minutest detail or particular. This was a public service no less important and distinguished than those already rendered by him, and it commanded the deep and abiding love and veneration of his countrymen. If, during the eight years of his administration, in the then existing condition of affairs, any considerable party had been organized with the approval or even the toleration of Washington, for the purpose of making him the hereditary head of the republic, it is difficult to say that immediate success would not have crowned its efforts. His absolute integrity and purity of purpose, his deep and profound patriotism, rendered impossible such effort or such thought, and Washington retired from power to the peaceful shades of private life greater than he had ever been before, a grand and commanding figure in the history of mankind.

It is a weariness to the flesh to read continually of the greatest man produced by America; the greatest man produced by Virginia; the greatest man

produced by Illinois; or Iowa; or this state or that county. Iowa "produces" corn and hogs! Such men as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are God Almighty's men; not the product of any state, locality, clime or soil; they are a sacred heritage of the nation and of mankind, whose memories are to be reverently cherished and whose virtues are to be devoutly set up as standards of excellence for the future.

Within the bounds of sober truth it may be said with all earnestness, that these two men have done more for humanity wherever dispersed over the surface of the earth, than all emperors, kings, princes, and hereditary rulers, of whom record can be found from the earliest syllable of recorded history down to the present time.

The services of Washington to his country did not cease with his retirement from office. The counsels of his masterly farewell address still commend themselves to the minds of his fellow-countrymen. Much has been made of his words regarding "overgrown military establishments"; but it was never his thought that the military arm of the national government should be left powerless, with atrophied nerve and muscle, and with no means of executing the mandate of the nation in its legitimate domain. He keenly felt the impotent condition of the government during the whiskey rebellion of Western Pennsylvania when he was practically without an efficient regiment to uphold its power.

In his farewell address itself he insisted upon an adequate military force. In repeated messages to Congress he urged this view upon their attention. It is safe to say that if George Washington had been

president when the supreme court of the United States ordered the release of the Massachusetts missionaries convicted and imprisoned under the laws of Georgia for daring to preach the Gospel to the Cherokee Indians of that state, he would not have said, as Andrew Jackson did, "John Marshall has ordered these missionaries released; now let John Marshall release them." The judgment of the highest tribunal of the land would not have been nullified and abrogated with Washington as president, and a military power subject to his own command adequate to enforce the mandate of that tribunal. Nor would the pitiful expedient have been resorted to, of having the governor of Georgia pardon these missionaries, to obviate a semblance of conflict between the state and the federal tribunals of justice.

Washington stood for human liberty under the law and under the government as established and ordained. Not for unrestricted license in violation of law; but for defense of law in its final analysis and determination, from any citizen and from the misguided authorities of any state.

So he advised an adequate and sufficient navy for defense at home and for commanding respect abroad.

He declared that the protection of a naval force was indispensable to our commerce. That to secure respect for a peaceful neutral flag, required a naval force, organized and ready to vindicate it from insult or aggression. That if we desired to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desired to secure peace, it must be known that we are ready for war. He foresaw and declared, even in that day, that our foreign commerce would be one of the most powerful

instruments in our rising prosperity. Today that commerce has become enormous and marvelous, covering the whole face of the globe. It takes to other climes and other peoples the surplus of our agricultural products and of our manufactured articles, the result of a matchless energy and inventive genius. This commerce leads to intercourse and commercial relations with the remotest corners of the earth, wherever it is carried on. It takes our citizens abroad in its distribution and in its many affairs. Great as is our prosperity, it is interwoven and bound up with the prosperity of our foreign commerce. If ever attacked successfully, wide-spread domestic disaster and suffering would be the immediate result. It is idle under such circumstances as these to suppose that a great nation can allow its foreign interests to develop and grow with no adequate protection in the form of a navy. Our merchants and citizens can not be mere mendicants upon foreign shores, subject to expulsion and to the confiscation and destruction of their vast interests at the whim of every foreign government. The naval policy of Washington is adequate to protect every need of our vast foreign interests, including the safety of our citizens in other lands.

That policy is the policy of the American people of today, endorsed and upheld by all, without practical division or dissent.

On this very day there sails into the broad harbor of Hampton Roads, a great and powerful American fleet, on its return from a matchless voyage around the world. It has commanded the admiration of the nations, as it has stirred the patriotic ardor of Americans. Wherever it has sailed into

foreign ports and run up the starry ensign of liberty, that banner has been received with the applause and the love of other peoples, to whom it has waved as the symbol of freedom, and the foe of the despotisms of accumulated centuries. The great demonstration has been one of peace to the ends of the earth, and has wrought mightily for the peaceful protection of our citizens and their commerce in every nation and in every clime. And so our ships of war have sailed home with the blessings and benedictions of the world following them as they drop anchor once more in our own waters.

The universal acclaim which has hailed our flag; the love, the veneration, the spontaneous good will and the quickened hopes it has inspired among the down-trodden, who are struggling forward to the goal of freedom which we have so happily attained, and for whom our banner floats as the emblem of humanity, the promise of nations regenerated and redeemed from oppression — all these, undimmed by human tear, unstained by human blood, gathered up in a galaxy of resplendent glory, are a fitting crown for the fame of George Washington and of Abraham Lincoln.



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